Which 1400. yeares agoe were nailde,
For our aduantage on the bitter Croſſe:
But this our purpoſe is twelue month old,
And bootles tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cooſen *Weſtmerland*,
What yeſternight our Counſell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.

Weſt. My liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet downe
But yeſternight, when all athwart there came
A Poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heauy newes;
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of Herdfordſhire to fight
Againſt the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude handes of that Welchman taken,
A thouſand of his people butchered:
Vpon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhamelcs transformation
By thoſe Welchwomen done, as may not be
(Without much ſhame) retold or ſpoken of.

King. It ſeemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our buſines for the Holy land.

Weſt. This matcht with other like, my gracious L.
Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotſpur* there
Young *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euer valiant and approued *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloody houre:
As by diſcharge of their Artillarie,
And ſhape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horſe,
Vncertaine of the iſſue any way.

King. Here is a deare, and true-induſtrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horſe,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22284) LONDON, 1613 THE BODLEIAN LIBR